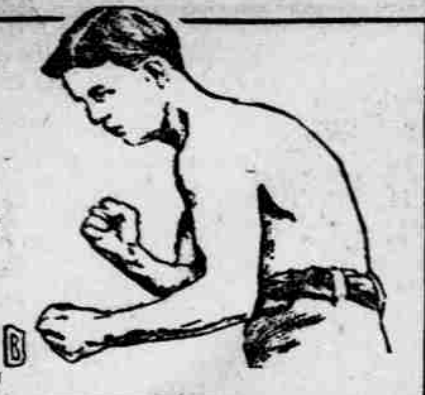


Life, Battles and Career of Battling Nelson

X.—The Man I Never Could Lick

By BATTILING NELSON,
Lightweight Champion of the World

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY BATTILING NELSON



Did you ever hear that song called "Hurrah For Mickey Riley?" Well, whether you have or not, it was written in honor of Mickey Riley, a prizefighting product of the state of Wisconsin. He was some fighter too. Every time I hear that song I lose my temper. That's one fellow I never could lick. I don't know what has become of Mickey, but if there is still a fight left in him I would certainly put aside my great tour and tie up with him again. I want to have the satisfaction of beating him and clearing up my old record. I have, of course, unquestionably and indisputably won my right to the title of world's champion lightweight, but when I dream of the "goose" with this Riley boy I become flustered.



I met Riley the first time in "Hoo-dooville" (Milwaukee) on April 19, 1901. He won a decision over me in six rounds at the Badger Athletic club. After the Young Scotty win, who should challenge me again, after a

walk of two long years, but that same Mickey Riley. I obliged him on June 28, three days after the Scotty battle. We fought in the same club. The same fight fans were there and, as I remember it, the referee was the same. For six rounds we boxed, cut, butted, and manied and hammered each other. He was a clever sort of fellow, but didn't possess much steam behind his blows. I was forced to do much of the leading, and as it was a rule of the club that if both fighters were on their feet at the end of six rounds the bout would be called a draw, the officials of the ring held up both our hands. Riley gave me a pretty stiff argument that day. He always did.

Decide to Fight It Over. Both Riley and myself were disappointed with the six round affair and were anxious to settle matters in a longer bout. We arranged the second battle to take place at Ashland, Wis., July 24.

We "abbed our castors," as the pugilistic writers say, into the roped arena. Both set to go a long route. I had knocked out Larry McDonald in four rounds at Harvey, Ill., and fought Clarence English a grueling fifteen round draw at Kansas City, Mo., the week previous. As a consequence I was in fine condition. Again we fought every inch of the way from going to gong and from round to round. He would have the edge on me for a round or so, after which I would put on steam and batter him up and down and around. I finally landed a couple of those old famous left hooks and cut his eye. He was bleeding freely, and my right hander seemed to take all his steam away. Here the police stepped in and stopped the fight.

Fans Ingle on Third Fight. The fight fans, many of whom had viewed our other two battles, were dissatisfied because the police interfered and right there urged that the entire party take the train for Hurley and have the fight settled for once and all time. Poley La Page, the manager of the fight club in Hurley, Wis., was among the spectators and immediately approached both of us and offered a guaranteed purse of \$300 to fight the following week.

My manager, Teddy Murphy, and I accompanied La Page to the battleground the following day, while Mickey and his manager went to Milwaukee overnight to attend to some business. They arrived the following day, and as we had a few days' training, we stepped into the ring in prime condition, ready for the fight of our lives. Fought With Sullivan's Old Gloves. A very funny incident happened, as the club officials hadn't provided gloves for the entertainment through our oversight that wasn't discovered until Mickey and I were in the ring ready for action. We of course had to send out for a pair of old ones. After half an hour's wait they returned with a pair of old gloves that had been used by Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan in Mississippi City, Miss., in 1882.

Of course the mere mention of the old time gladiators using the gloves fired our blood up to a fighting pitch, and how we did tear, maul and slam each other for fifteen rounds will not soon be forgotten in the old cooper dis-

trict of Hurley, Wis. After fifteen rounds of the most grueling as well as bloody milling, with the battle swaying first one way, then the other, the referee at its conclusion called it a draw amid tremendous applause.

I fought, all told, thirty-one rounds with Riley, four battles, and drew down in purses \$385. Just two years after my last battle with Mickey I beat down the "pride of the golden west," James Edward Britt, in eighteen rounds and received for winning \$18,841, besides a \$10,000 side bet. I also won the white lightweight championship of the world as well. Jimmy Britt received \$12,558 for his share.

Pitcher Jack Powell Bat's Friend. Shortly after this I paved the way for a chance at the title holders by finally cornering Clarence English and forcing him to agree to a match. Clarence English needs no introduction to the readers, for he was a lightweight of national prominence during the year 1908. I persistently dogged him for a go, and finally, thinking me soft picking, he accepted.

At that time one of the best friends that I had was big Jack Powell, the giant pitcher of the St. Louis Browns. As the fighting game was flourishing in Missouri, I was anxious to get a go with Clarence English at one of the St. Louis clubs. I tried Charlie Houghton's West End club, but was unsuccessful. They couldn't see me as a drawing card. Jack Powell took a big interest in the matter and tried to persuade Houghton to put me on and assured him that if I were given the chance I would make good.

Houghton was stubborn, however, and said "Nay, nay," to everybody. There was nothing to be done but go to Kansas City. Clarence and I fought there on the evening of June 27. I surprised English and all his friends early in the fight by almost knocking him out of the ring with a vicious right uppercut.

Gets Draw With English. I stood toe to toe with him and swapped blow for blow, and at the conclusion of the fifteenth round, amid great cheering, was given a draw. I fractured my left arm along about the middle of the fight, which tended to make me somewhat cautious and possibly stopped me from winning by a clean knockout. As it was, a great many of the spectators thought that I was entitled to the decision.

A couple of weeks after my Kansas City engagement with Clarence English I went to Pewaukee Lake for a little recreation. Upon my arrival I found Eddie Santry there training for an engagement with Eddie Sterna. A few days before this bout, which was to take place at Michigan City, he was taken sick, and I, being under the same management, Manager Murphy substituted me in order to save the forfeit money.

We met on Aug. 26, and of all the raw deals ever handed me this one certainly takes the cream. We were billed to go ten rounds to a decision at 133 pounds each. We had \$50 up for weight and appearance, but when my manager (Murphy) and I arrived in Michigan City about noon we found that Sterna had taken down his weight forfeit and, being overweight, also refused to weigh in. Nevertheless we waived the forfeit, and I went on and fought.

But Gets Raw Deal. Of course at that time I wasn't so much of a card and didn't have so much chance to argue about the referee, etc., and had to accept any referee the club put in the ring. We jumped into the ring and went at it. Before the fight had gone half a minute I knocked Sterna out, and he was given at least fifteen seconds to get to his feet. Every round up to the ninth was identically as the first, the referee cautioning me, saying, "If you hit him again you will be declared loser on a foul."

Finally in the ninth round I sunk my good right into his mid section. He doubled up like a jackknife, and down he went, completely out, as limp as a rag. His seconds and the referee carried him to his corner, and he was given the decision, I believe, for taking more knockdowns than I did.

EASTER and Spring MONEY

Here is an opportunity, for you to decorate yourself with some new spring clothes, buy some pretty article for the house, or to use some EXTRA MONEY for whatever purpose that you may so desire.

The money question is a thing of the past (so far as we are concerned,) TODAY you can come here and get what money you need, without endorsement. We advance money on FURNITURE, PIANOS, ETC. Pay us as thousands are paying us right now, just a little each week or month.

The only low rate concern in Bridgeport.

YOU CAN'T DO ANY BETTER—CAN YOU DO AS WELL? PERSONAL NOTES ACCEPTED.

Household Loan Co.

Room 300 and 302 Meigs Building, Fairfield Ave., and Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.
THIRD FLOOR RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE ELEVATOR.
—NO PUBLICITY HERE—

SPORTS OF A DAY

BOWLING.

In the City league contests last evening at the Arcade alleys the Arcadians repeated the feat on the same trip. No exceptional bowling was rolled in either game though Smallwood hit the pins for a total of 581 in the first game. He had a single of 206 in the first and 220 in the second. Bank Banks was high man in the second game with 588. The scores:

Mollinell	184	168	156-508
Lockwood	167	138	176-481
Dudley	192	169	176-537
Totals	543	475	568-1526

Jackson	187	128	154-469
Smallwood	194	206	171-561
Tompkins	138	197	161-495
Totals	519	531	476-1526

Whalen	157	147	205-509
Mollinell	188	170	205-548
Banks	203	190	208-598
Totals	548	497	618-1640

Jackson	173	149	167-479
Smallwood	220	188	174-504
Tompkins	176	167	120-473
Totals	569	484	441-1494

Youngs	158	155	186-499
Quinn	169	144	147-447
Pheney	158	158	191-504
Woolcock	197	173	167-557
Benson	156	191	212-567
Totals	831	817	910-2507

Grather	126	228	154-523
H. Sherwood	152	190	201-543
Simpson	153	127	171-454
Lawson	165	173	182-499
Hull	120	265	189-574
Totals	714	993	822-2568

Coxie's Army was no match for Moran's Wallopers at ducks at the Arcade alleys last evening, losing all three games. The winning team, up one of the best duck pin games ever seen at the alleys, Bailey scored an even 300, while Brennan fell six pins shy. The scores:
--

Moran	89	85	76-259
Terney	100	87	78-267
Pheney	138	107	102-294
Brennan	106	103	74-294
Ward	111	90	66-277
Totals	494	478	404-1376

Gildersleeve	72	72	83-237
Joy	77	78	78-237
Horse	62	65	76-237
Holden	80	85	86-237
Hayden	69	77	76-237
Totals	361	382	387-1124

Two teams from the Cartridges shoo, one styling themselves the Nitros and the other the New Club essayed to fill duck pins at which the former team took all three games. With due regard to the losers none of them had ever rolled a ball before. They may yet see better days. The scores:

Roder	76	59	73-268
Burchard	82	80	85-290
Rajotte	81	64	82-290
Cruton	74	74	69-277
Booth	81	72	65-2118
Totals	397	359	364-1124

DON'T CALL A MAN "FUSSY"

Better Think Twice and You'll Have to Admit He Is Using Good Judgment.

"CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE MAN"

An Adage Long Used in Protecting the "Seedy" Dresser But Disproved in Recent Years.

There are a great many men in this world termed "fussy" just because they want what they want in clothing. They should be complimented for a display of good judgment rather than criticized for being over careful. Dress is an important question that is daily becoming of more consequence to every man in the country. Even the "old boys" who at one time proudly pointed to the adage "Clothes don't make the man," as an apology for their seedy apparel, now demand that their representatives in business look the part of having a prosperous house behind them. A fellow nowadays must exercise care in his dress. A marked down to fifteen dollars suit will not do. It might look good for a few minutes, but then the dream is over and you find it difficult to convince yourself it's anywhere near as sleek looking as it appeared before the mirror of the ready-made shop. The proof of tailor-made clothes lies in the fact that countless numbers of men have left the ready-made clothes ranks for the tailor-made, never to return again, while those who have done vice versa invariably go back to the tailor after the unsatisfactory experience of one ready-made suit. To the good dresser the man who enjoys the services of a good tailor, the wearing of a ready-made suit is an effort. He feels positively uncomfortable in one and a gentleman the writer knows swears "Never Again!" He tried, but the ready-made suit was not a success. There's a mighty heap of comfort in knowing you're right about your dress—in feeling you're not only a perfect fit and an attractive pattern, but in knowing you're not going to run across someone (no telling who) wearing a suit just like yours. Yes, it's a great relief to feel sure your suit is the proper thing and that your good taste will not be in danger of getting something of especially good taste for the fastly approaching Easter season, try Wholesale 1082 Main street. Here's a tailor with ideas and his familiarity with New York and London style doings equips him to produce snappy models and pride a large display of the most fashionable wools. Why not look?

Manager Cameron says the New Haven scries can have any kind of a press box they want. He has suggested that a committee be appointed to agree upon the stand. An invitation to have the New Haven baseball writers to agree upon anything is certainly the prize joke of the ante-baseball season.

Hugh Rorty, the umpire, has branched out as an editor. He is the editor in chief of a handsome publication that is to contain a schedule of all the big games of the Hartford team, and which is to be embellished with a portrait of Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, the first president of the National League.

BASE BALL SEASON OFENS IN SOUTH END

McCarthy's Pets will meet the South Avenue Champions, Sunday, March 28, at 10 o'clock, at the South End grounds, or at the Mud Flats, to open the baseball season in the South End. Charles Nichols will pitch for McCarthy's Pets, and James Skane will catch. The line up:

McCarthy's Pets—James Skane, catcher; Charles Nichols, pitcher; Thomas Skane, shortstop; Frank O'Brien, 1b; Joseph McCarthy, manager, 2b; Michael McCarthy, 3b; Raymond Desmond, if; Alonzo Hill, cf; Percy Sebastian, rf. South Avenue Champions—Thomas Crum, catcher; James Sheedy, pitcher; Paul Maloney, manager, shortstop; Thomas Dargan, 1b; John Blake, 2b; Patrick Hurley, 3b; George Richards, if; Harry O'Leary, cf; Eugene Clark, rf.

O'BRIEN TONIGHT TACKLES KETCHELL

(Special from United Press.) New York, March 26.—It ought to be a rattling good bout, that is if the fight is on the level. This is the opinion among sporting men today relative to the ten round fight tonight between Stanley Ketchell, the middleweight champion, and "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien.

It will be O'Brien's chance to regain the confidence of the boxing public. Every time O'Brien figures in a fight there is the cry of "fake" about it. But this time the Quaker City pugilist says he is "on the level." O'Brien is without doubt one of the cleverest men in the ring. Ketchell, however, is one of the greatest sluggers in the game. But O'Brien, with his cleverness, can also punch. It is a question whether O'Brien's long absence from the ring has slowed the Quaker City fighter. Ketchell is coming along all the time. He is today reported in better condition than ever.

It will be O'Brien's last chance. As to the betting—it is both men and take your pick.

FINANCIAL INTEREST

Allowed on Balances Subject to Check

T. L. WATSON & CO. BANKERS

Established 1866
Stocks and Bonds
Private Wires to New York, Boston, Philadelphia
Cor. Main and John Sts.

THE BRIDGEPORT TRUST CO.

Capital and Surplus... \$300,000
Banking in all its branches.
Deposits received subject to check.
Department for Savings.
A legal depository for trust funds.
167-171 STATE STREET
F. W. MARSH, President
E. H. JUDSON, Treasurer

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

MARBLE BUILDING
924-926 MAIN STREET
Interest 4 per cent. per Annum
DIVIDENDS PAYABLE
JANUARY 1st AND July 1st
Business Hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER"

wonderful to think, make up the mighty ocean. Not more strange, though, than accumulated wealth. It's all made up by savings.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

an account grows at our Bank. Get a book and start an account for your child, and later on it will buy a college education or a business.

City Savings Bank

946 MAIN STREET.

Bridgeport Savings Bank

Corner Main and State Streets
Incorporated 1842
Deposits received from \$1.00 upwards.
Deposits draw interest from the first of each month.
Loans made on real estate.

THE BRIDGEPORT LAND & TITLE CO.

169-171 STATE STREET
Real Estate bought and sold.
Rents collected.
General care taken of property.
D. F. WHEELER, Pres. & Treas.
EGBERT MARSH, Vice-Pres.

THE BRIDGEPORT LAND & TITLE CO.

169-171 STATE STREET
Real Estate bought and sold.
Rents collected.
General care taken of property.
D. F. WHEELER, Pres. & Treas.
EGBERT MARSH, Vice-Pres.

SPECIAL JAMAICA TOURS

March 15 to April 3
First class round trip, rate including eight days hotel accommodation
\$85.00
For Further Particulars Apply to
S. Loewith & Co. AGENTS
Tel. 99 116 BANK ST.
Farmer Want Ads. 1c a word

Boys' Shoes

THE KIND THAT WEAR

Is your boy hard on shoes? Do you want a real good shoe that looks well and wears as shoes should wear?

We have just that shoe for your boy. It's a box calf, blucher cut, heavy sole, all solid shoe and the price is \$1.47, sizes 1 to 5½. If the boy needs shoes, try these. You'll not be sorry.

SAMUELS THE SHOEMAN

1211 Main St.
Near Hotel Stratfield
Branch Stores—Hartford, Springfield

Farmer Want Ads. 1c a word

No merchant ever failed if he advertised as WELL and as MUCH as he could.



Auction Sale Saturday at 2 p. m.

Just arrived, 30 head of the best that grow in their class. Big matched team, big single horses, a lot of good business horses. We have one handsome hack team, several nice driving horses. We have fifty green horses at our barn that will all be sold Saturday. Look out for our big opening sale next week of two hundred horses. 30 good second hand horses right out of work that will all be sold for the high dollar.

Wagons, Harness, Whips. Bring in anything you have to sell to the Leading Horse Mart of Connecticut.

Hamilton Bros.,

846, 848, 844 BROAD STREET
Livery, Board, Hack Call Attended Night and Day.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
182 and 184 George St., New Haven.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF NEWTOWN, ss. PROBATE COURT.

March 26th, 1909.
Estate of Minnot August, late of the town of Newtown, in said district, deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Newtown, hath appointed Charles F. Beardsley and Oscar Fitzschler, both of Newtown, Conn., commissioners to receive and decide upon the claims of the creditors of said estate, which have been presented to the administrator, within the time formerly limited by this Court.

Certified by record,
WILLIAM J. BEECHER, Judge.

The subscribers give notice that they shall meet at the Probate Office, in said Newtown, on the 29th day of April, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of attending on the business of said appointment.

CHARLES F. BEARDSLEY,
OSCAR FITZSCHLER,
Commissioners.

I join in giving the above notice, and request all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to me.
ENOLL M. AUGUR, Administrator.



We are specialists in acute and chronic diseases of men. Also in private diseases and weaknesses. We have permanently cured thousands of cases of blood poison, nervous debility, exhausted vitality, kidney and bladder troubles, skin eruptions, stricture and long standing discharges of every nature. Consultation and friendly talk free.

MEN, because physicians and specialists of ordinary ability have failed you don't be discouraged. Come to our modern equipped offices and we will cure you.

We allow car fare to Bridgeport patients. If you cannot call write us. Specialists services at family doctor's prices.
Office hours, 2 to 8 p. m. daily except Fridays and Sundays.

Bio-Medic Physicians,
102 Orange St., New Haven, Conn. •
AS WELL AND AS MUCH